NUMB. XIV.

Heraclitus Ridens.

A Diſcourſe between JEST and EARNEST concerning the TIMES.

To be continued Weekly.

THURSDAY *May* 1. 1718.

Jeſt. HOS ego *Verſiculos feci, tulit alter Honores*, &c.

I made theſe Verſes on a Poets (Word,
Bathyllus for their making is preferr'd.
So *Birds*, not for *themſelves*, their Neſts do rear,
So *Sheep*, not for *themſelves*, their Fleeces wear:
So *Bees*, not for *themſelves*, their Sweets prepare;
So *Beaſts*, not for *themſelves*, the Plough-ſhares (draw;
And Toil for Mankind's Uſe by Nature's Law.

Earneſt. I find you have been dabbling in the Life of *Virgil*. But for what End are theſe Quotations? Has another *Halifax* run away with the Applauſe and Reward due to another PRIOR's *Country-Mouſe* and *City-Mouſe*? Or is the Art and Miſtery of Aſſuming to themſelves the Projects owing to the ſtudious Contrivances of the *Little Ones*, reviv'd among the *Great Ones*?

Jeſt. Juſt the Reverſe! I was muſing on a certain Preamble to a certain Diploma, that paſs'd the Seals long ſince *Virgil*'s Time, and ſome Hundreds of Years after the Diſſolution of the *Roman* Empire; wherein (amongſt other Reaſons, for advancing a Perſon of Obſcure Birth, and not of *Equeſtrian Rank*, to the Dignity of a *Patrician*) a Victory gain'd by his Superior Officer; a Nobleman, in whoſe Veins ran the beſt Blood of a very *antient* Kingdom, is inſerted as a Motive for his Promotion to additional Titles and Dignities.

Earneſt. 'Tis to be hoped that you don't point homewards; for I will be no ways concern'd in Reflections upon the *Juſtice* and *Impartial* Diſtribution of *Grants* and *Favours* in our own Adminiſtration.

Jeſt. Not in the leaſt. My Eyes are directed to a Story almoſt three Centuries old; and that had for the Place of its Birth a Country ſome Hundreds of Leagues diſtant from Ours.

Earneſt. Nay, then you may tell it, I ſhall give you no Interruption in the Hearing of it.

Jeſt. In the Days of *Baſilowisk*, one of the Great Dukes of *Muſcovy*, (for you have play'd the *Czar* off upon me, and your Readers, for the *whole Run* of our Four laſt Papers) there liv'd a Prince of high Extraction, and of Kind-

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red to the Throne, by an Inter-marriage of one of his Progenitors with a Princeſs of the Royal Family. *Know you therefore*, that the Name of this *Bojar*, or *Mandarine*, (call him what you pleaſe) was *John Camelitzi*, a General of approv'd Courage, and try'd Fidelity to his ſaid Maſter, the Duke abovemention'd, who upon many Occaſions had experienc'd his inviolable Attachment to his Intereſt. His Majeſty therefore, in conſideration of paſt Services, was moſt graciouſly pleas'd to put him at the Head of an Army, rais'd to ſuppreſs a Rebellion in the Kingdom of *Aſtracan*, fomented and aſſiſted by the Neighbouring *Tartars*; which he ſo ſucceſsfully conducted thro' all Difficulties, that after the Diſloyal Party, who gave him Battle in a *Moor* near the *Capital*, were entirely defeated, and diſpers'd, the Peace of that Kingdom was totally reſtor'd, and the miſled Subjects reduc'd to their former Obedience. But as this Victorious General had a Lieutenant to Command under him, ſo it happen'd, that this Lieutenant, who was poſſeſs'd of all the Artificcs which an honeſt and ſincere Soul abhors, ſo work'd it about with the Fountain of Honour and Power, that lets out the Streams of Dignity from the Throne, that he, though not Commander in Chief, had the Honours aſcribed to him, which did no ways belong to him, and by Vertue of want of Vertue, obtain'd the Place of Him, that did not want it.

Earneſt. Theſe are common Occurrences to be met with in Hiſtory, and ſcarcely to be minded, much leſs admired at. I remember, when I was down at the Preſent Lord *Delaware*'s Seat in *Hampſhire*, I was very inquiſitive about the Reaſon of a *Cheap* of a Swords being plac'd in one of the Quarters of the Arms of that Antient Family, and had for Anſwer the following Relation. When *Edward* the Third, King of *England*, wag'd War with *France*, and enter'd her Territories with a Hoſt of Men led by his Gallant Son *Edward* the *Black Prince*, and both the *Engliſh* and *French* Armies, after the Latter had ſummon'd the Former to Surrender at Diſcretion, came to a pitch'd Battle, the Superiority of the *Engliſh* in Strength, though fewer in Number, prevail'd over the *French*, that they were totally Routed, and had their King *John*, a Prince of great Valour, taken by a Private Soldier, whoſe Name was *Weſt*, and of a very gentile Extraction, and liberal Education. This happy Perſon who had no Misfortune in being a younger Brother, ſince it led him to the Purſuit of Honour and Glory, having us'd his *Gallick* Majeſty, though he knew not his Quality, with all Decency and Behaviour, was foreſtall'd in the Purchaſe of his Seizure by his Superior Officer; who told him (having ſeen the King before in his own Court, when in a Publick Embaſſy there) *That the Prize he had made belong'd to him*, which he durſt no ways to diſpute. But his *Majeſty*, before he took up with his new *Owner*, took the Soldier aſide, and giving him the *Cheap* of his Sword taken with him in Battle, bid him Pocket it up carefully, for that it might be of great Service to him. Away went the Colonel, or whatſoever Title was in Uſe in thoſe Days, with his Royal Priſoner; and poor *Pilgarlick*, who had been at the Fatigue and Hazard of his Life, to his Tent, with the *Cheap* of the King's Sword, without any Thoughts of the immenſe Benefits that were to ariſe from it. The *Black Prince* was told by the Colonel, when he preſented the King to him, That he himſelf was the Man that knock'd him off from his Horſe, and cauſed his Surrender; and was honourably rewarded for it. But as this Royal Priſoner was at an Entertainment with his Highneſs, who did all that in him lay to diſpel the Clouds that hung over his Brow on account of his unhappy Circumſtances, his Majeſty undeceiv'd him, and gave him to underſtand, that it was another Perſon, and of a much lower Rank than an Officer of his *Note*, that took him, and if the Prince would do him the Favour of drawing out his Forces, he would point out the very Man to him. Hereupon, his Highneſs caus'd his little Army, which was greatly diminiſh'd in the late Battle, to come to Review, and order'd them to walk Man after Man by him. When amongſt others Mr. *Weſt* paſs'd by and made his Salute, and was call'd upon and challeng'd by the King, who ask'd him, whether he had not taken a Priſoner the Day before? To this the Soldier anſwer'd, that he had ſo, and as he believ'd, a Perſon of Diſtinction, but that his Colonel had taken him away from him, and ſaid, he belong'd to him as Chief of the Regiment. With that, the Prince Ey'd him, and encourag'd his Majeſty to proceed to further Interrogatories. Said the King therefore, have you any Remembrance of your Priſoner, or ſhould you know him again if you ſaw him? Not he truly, 'twas in the heat of the Battle when he took him, and his

Mind

Mind was then too much agitated and diſorder'd to Remember Faces. With that, his Majeſty queſtion'd him, whether he had not receiv'd ſome Token from his Priſoner which might quicken his Memory? Yes, and it pleaſe you, ſaid he, I have a ſort of a Bauble here in my Pocket which belong'd to his Sword, and which he preſented me with, ſaying, *it might ſtand me in ſome ſtead*, and immediately he produced the *Cheap* of the *Sword* *And ſo it ſhall*, reply'd the King, who immediately called for his Sword which it exactly fitted, and had it in his Requeſt to his Highneſs to diſtinguiſh the Man to whom he ow'd his Life, and the Prince the Honour of ſo glorious a Victory, that was the Conſequence of his Captivity, by ſome ſpecial Mark of his Favour. Wherefore his Highneſs, after having ask'd him his Name and Family, and been ſatisfy'd with the Motives that induc'd him to leave his Native Country, which were in queſt of Honour and Fortune, which he was then going to be poſſeſs'd of, inſtantly Knighted him under the Royal Banner in the Field, and gave him the Command of that very Regiment, from which the Officer, who had impos'd ſuch a notorious Falſhood on his Highneſs, was diſplac'd.

Jeſt. 'Twas an Act of Juſtice that ought to have been inſerted among the Atcheivments of that Prince: But he that has lately publiſh'd the Hiſtory of *England*, though Royally rewarded for it, with a Preſent of Three Hundred Pounds from his Majeſty now reigning, has not thought fit to mention it, becauſe the Head of the Family of the *Weſts* is now a *Tory*.

Earneſt. That's none of my Concern or yours either. Give me leave to Proceed. *This*, ſays the Prince to the fortunate Soldier, *is all I can do for you at Preſent, but when the Campaign is over, I will take you along with me, and recommend you to the King my Father for a more ample Reward.* And his Highneſs was full as good as his Word; for he no ſooner arriv'd at the Court of *England*, but in preſenting his Royal Priſoner, and his other Noble Captives to the King, he likewiſe introduc'd the new Colonel to Kiſs his Majeſty's Hand, who being told of his high Deſerts, not only caus'd a Patent to be drawn up, wherein he was created a Peer of the Realm, by the Name and Title of Lord *de la War*, but gave him an Eſtate of Eight Thouſands Pounds *per Annum*, in Support of this Dignity.

Jeſt. I am as much in Love with *Edward* the *Black Prince* his *Caſhiering* the *Colonel*, as his *Advancing* the *Centinel*. Would to God a certain Great Officer as I know, were ſerved with the ſame Sauce — But curſt Cows have ſhort Horns, and I have done.

Earneſt. 'Tis beſt for you ſo to do. What is ſaid without Premeditation, may be repented with it. But what News is ſtirring abroad, I have not read any Thing of Moment for a conſiderable Time.

Jeſt. No? Has your *Right of Primogeniture* ſo taken up and employ'd your whole Time, as not to let you know that the Earl of *Cadogan* is gone for *Holland*, there to make a Publick Entry in Quality of Embaſſador Extraordinary from his *Britannick* Majeſty, and *to Negotiate* with the States General their entring into an Alliance between King *George*, the Emperor, and *French* King.

Earneſt. All theſe Potentates were in a ſtrict Alliance before.

Jeſt. True: But not ſo as to preſerve the Peace of *Italy*, which the King of *Spain* is ſaid to be going to diſturb.

Earneſt. Said to be going? I thought he had done it already.

Jeſt. So far from it, that both the *Poſt-man* and *Flying poſt*, two Papers of *Credit* and *Eſteem*, ſay, that his Catholick Majeſty has accepted our King's Mediation for an amicable Agreement with the Emperor, who will own the ſaid King *Philip* as Lawful King of *Spain* and the *Indies*, with Proviſo, that his Imperial Majeſty be put into the Poſſeſſion of *Sicily*; in Exchange for which, *Victor Amadeus*, the preſent King thereof, is to have the Crown of *Sardinia*.

Earneſt. It will be a Work of Difficulty I fear, to make his *Sicilian* Majeſty part with a Kingdom that is the Garden of the whole World for a few Corn Fields; or for the *Spaniard* to ſuffer ſo irritated a Prince, as the Emperor muſt needs be, after ſo many Provocations, to be poſſeſs'd of a Kingdom, almoſt contiguous to his own. But what other Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick?

Jeſt. The *Poſt-man* has made an irreconcileable Breach between the Queen *Dowager* of *England*, and the Pretender; inſomuch that General *Dillon* is remov'd from the Management of his Affairs, and the late Earl Mareſchal of *Scotland*, is to Negotiate them in his ſtead.

Earneſt.

Earneſt. 'Tis odd methinks, that Mother and Son ſhould fall out; but they are not the firſt that have done ſo. Perhaps the Chevalier has a mind to turn Proteſtant, which does not ſeem unlikely by his turning off his Popiſh Servant.

Jeſt. Proteſtant ſay you? Rather Vagrant. For no one knows where he is to be found. He is here, and there, and every where in a Moment. Sometimes you have him at *Urbino*, then, *Preſto*, the Bird is flown to *Florence*, thence through *Switzerland* into *France*, whence he takes Wing and falls into the *Spaniſh* Fleet, then mounts again and flies to *Mittaw* in *Courland*, where he creeps into Bed with the Princeſs, does ſomething ſhall be nameleſs, and is immediately, in the Twinkling of a Bed-ſtaff again at his Palace in *Urbino*.

Earneſt. Theſe are mere Whimſies, give me ſomething that is ſolid.

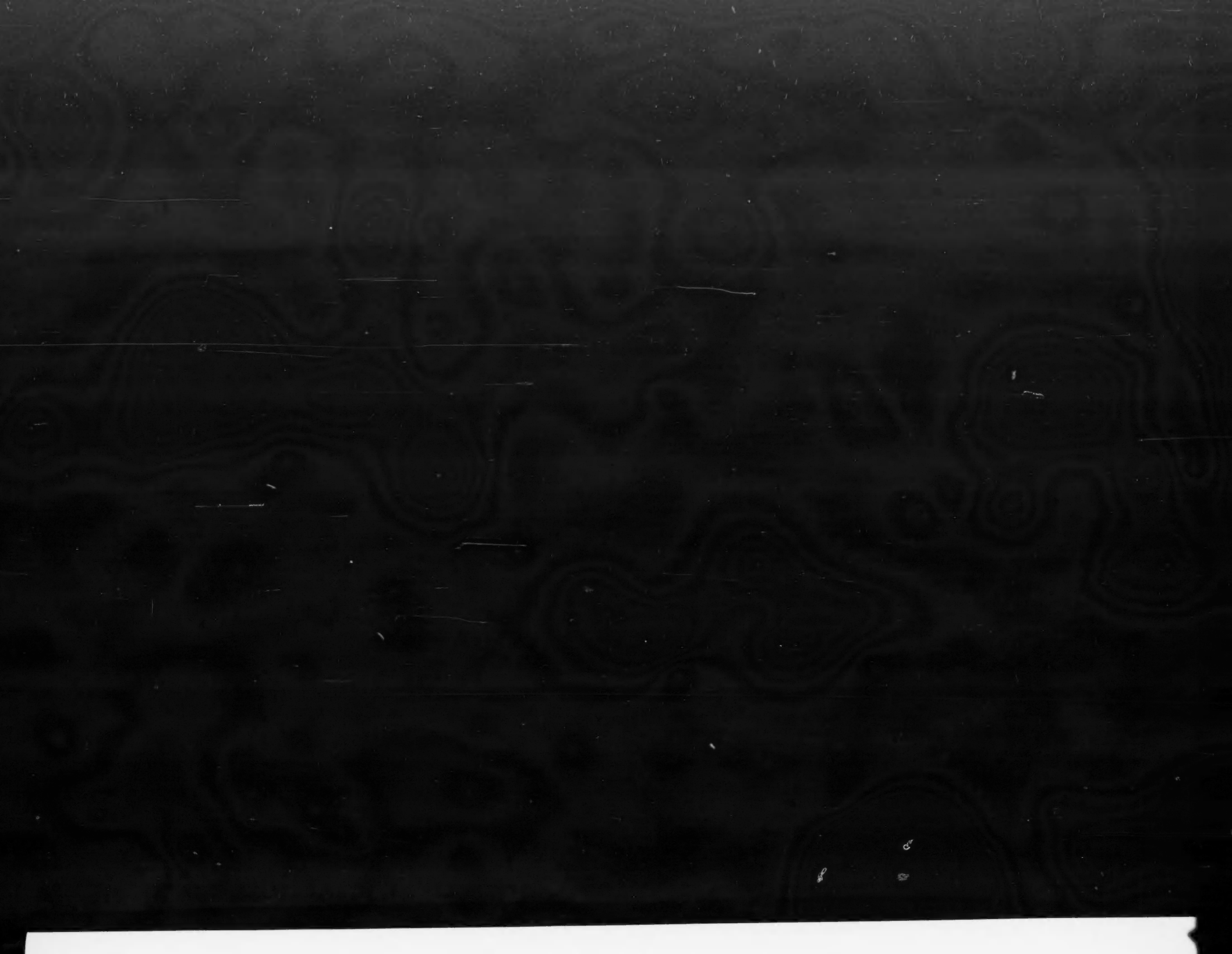
Jeſt. Let me ask you two Queſtions. Who won the Famous Battle at *Wynendale*? And who gain'd the Day at the *Action* of *Dumblain*, whereby the Fate of the Kingdom of *Scotland* was determin'd?

Earneſt. Who ſhould win the firſt, but the Gallant General *Web*, that inſtead of being had in Eſteem for it, by his own *Countrymen* (that wears a Jewel for that Noble Exploit, given him *by a Foreign* Prince, the King of *Pruſſia*) is now in Diſgrace? And who the laſt, but that glorious Youth *John* Duke of *Argyle*, who is likewiſe diveſted of all his Employments, that are not Hereditary?

Jeſt. Then my Advices are wrong as to thoſe Points; but I have ſome that are true for you in my Budget.

Earneſt. Prithee, let me have them quickly, for I long to get rid of you.

Jeſt. The Great Turk has renounced the *Alchoran*, (which enjoins him never to make Peace with the *Imperialiſts*, while in Poſſeſſion of *Belgrade* and *Temeſware*) and conſented to give up thoſe two important Towns to them. The Pope has actually ſent the Cardinal *de Noailles* Word, that he may turn Proteſtant if he pleaſes, for he is no ways worthy of the Purple, which he deſigns to preſent to the Archbiſhop of *Rheims* for having written a Letter to the Regent, which has had a *Phenix* Edition, and been burn'd by the Hands of the common Executioner. Some Folks are promoted, others turn'd out, among us and other Nations. The Czar of *Muſcovy* has made no more of breaking a Patriarch and ſeveral of his Chief Nobles upon the Wheel, than I wou'd of taking off Six in a Hand to a certain Health. And thoſe Princeſſes and Ladies belonging to his Court have a fine Time of it; that have had Four Hundred Laſhes each, on their fair Backs, with Rods of Iron that are far more excoriating than Scorpions. The *Dutch* lie by and ſlacken their Preparations for War, on purpoſe to ſteal away the Trade of *Europe*, and that the *Engliſh* may make a greater Figure at Sea with their *Men of War* than their *Merchant Men*. Mr. *Needham* that was only Yeoman of the *Small-beer* Cellar to the Queen, has been dubb'd by the *Poſt-Boy*, *Cup-Bearer* to her late Majeſty; and a learned Doctor, not far from St. *Andrews Holborn*, does not remember ſo much as the Name of a certain Perſon, that has more than once been very merry with him. Short *Members*, and Long *Parliaments*. In a Word, the Hangman himſelf is in next Execution-Day, to be decently turn'd off in his own Way, at the *Nubbing-Poſts* near *Paddington*. Mr. *Paul Lorain* is in great Hopes of being exalted another Way, and of being nearer the Sound of *Bow Bell* than *Town-Ditch*; and if the *Poſt-Boy* ſpeaks Truth, the Reverend Mr. *Patten*, who is truly ſo, becauſe many Men ſtand in Fear of him, has no hopes at all of being reſtored to his Chaplainſhip, in his Majeſty's Ship the *Hampton-Court*, which, how he has forfeited, or for what Cauſe, my ſmall Acquaintance with him does not enable me to tell you. So that you muſt reſt contented with theſe Occurrences at this Time, and give me leave to diſmiſs you

Earneſt. Moſt readily. For I am ſick to Death with ſuch Traſh, as goes entirely againſt my Stomach; ſince I have as great an Averſion to Scandal, as you have an Inclination to it.

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